

Press-Herald

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REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor

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What Price Charity?

Most of us believe in the principle of charitable giving, yet we have a right to be seriously concerned about how our contributions are spent and how often we are called upon to donate.

We want the greatest possible assurance that our hard-earned dollars go to the charities of our choice, that an absolute minimum is spent on overhead, salaries and other costs, and that we are not constantly hounded by solicitors.

Possibly the best solution to this time and money problem is the concept of AID-United Givers, a unique organization pioneered in Southern California for the purpose of eliminating the expense, confusion and overlapping of a multiplicity of fund-raising drives.

AID was founded in 1951 by representatives of business, labor and the general public, not as a combination of charities, but as a federation of groups of givers, such as employees of a company or the company itself.

The total number of employees in Greater Los Angeles has been estimated at about 3,000,000. One-eighth of these (386,656) now give through AID; their contributions during the past year (\$13,117,501) represent more than one-third of the entire amount raised and spent by major area causes which AID helped support (approximately \$36 million). AID's cost of operation, which for some time has been the lowest in the nation, was cut to a near rock-bottom 3.9 per cent of funds collected.

These statistics indicate that if just one-third of the total area employed would give at the AID suggested standard, ALL the financial needs of EVERY area charity could be supported. This could eliminate the need for public fund-raising drives and reduce the cost of charitable giving to a general minimum.

In its 15 years of operation, AID has collected and distributed well over \$100 million to charitable organizations. Last year alone, AID raised more than \$12 million for major area causes participating in the AID program, plus nearly \$1 million more for other charities specifically designated by individual givers.

AID's recommended standard of giving is one-half of one per cent of a person's average weekly wage, although anyone may give more or less than this amount. Monies are collected through payroll deductions. Givers may designate their contributions to one, some or all of the AID participating causes or to their own favorite charity. All participating causes sign agreements not to solicit employees or firms giving through AID.

Opinions of Others

Did you ever think you'd see the day when the American flag would have to be protected from Americans? . . . Well the day is here. How do you like it? . . . It is tragic and outrageous for one American to defile and sneer at his country's flag at the very moment another American is dying to defend it. Is this the freedom we are fighting for?—*New Bern (N.C.) Sun-Journal.*

Red China's hopes of making Indonesia a communist satellite appear dead—at least for the foreseeable future. . . . The new anticommunist policy should not make the U. S. complacent, however, because Indonesia still cannot be called pro-Western. Yet we can take some comfort from the discomfort of the Red Chinese.—*Ocala (Fla.) Star-Banner.*

In the feudal days, the lords of the land used to protect their castles by means of a moat. Now and then they would sally forth and wage battle, then retreat to their castles and pull up the drawbridges. Since it is said that a man's house is his castle, why not carry out the same idea when we enter our homes after the fight of each day is over; pull up the drawbridges and thus separate ourselves from the problems, perplexities, confusion, and difficulties of our business tasks.—*Petersburg (Texas) Journal.*



STAN DELAPLANE

He Says He Couldn't Find Japan's 'Open House' Bath

ATAMI, JAPAN—This is a seaside hot springs resort, about two hours from Tokyo by fast, clean, electric train. Hotel baths are as big as swimming pools. But I have yet to run into those "all-hands-in-together" baths you hear about. Mine was just like the YMCA—only with hot water.

"We would like to try Japanese hotels on our trip and wonder if we can get private baths. We are not prudish but prefer privacy."

I've found room with bath in some ryokans (Japanese inns). But the usual thing is a rather large bath down the hall. The bath girl calls you when it's your turn. Soap and wash OUTSIDE the sunken bath and rinse—use the little wooden buckets to scoop water out of the bath. After that you get in and soak.

You'll find faucets a foot off the floor. That's for face washing. The bath floor will be planks with space between for the water to run off or tile sloping to a drain. Anyway, the bath is arranged for you to wash on the floor. There are little wooden stools to sit on. The towels may confuse you. The maid gives you a flimsy towel. That's to wash with. Also for drying. Rinse it out in hot water in the

little tub. Wring it as dry as you can. Rub off the surplus water. You come out quite dry.

"Where could a single, retired man spend the winter on the Virgin Island of St. John? I have a limited income."

I don't think that's the island you want. St. John is almost entirely a National

Travel

Park with one major resort, Caneel Bay. St. Thomas is too popular and too expensive. I'd go to the island of St. Croix. I saw several attractive boarding house hotels in Christiansted. A very pretty colonial town.

"Is it customary to tip New York cab drivers even if they don't get out and help you with the luggage?"

New York hackies feel you should tip them on ALL occasions and will probably read you out if you don't. The minimum for walking away without getting blistered is a quarter.

"We have been advised to tip 10 per cent to taxi drivers in London. . . ."

Great if you can do 10 per cent of English money mentally. In nearly a year living in London, I couldn't. Most rides are less than four or five shillings, and I tip one shilling. The English shilling (14 cents U.S.) can be used in the same tipping situations where you'd use a quarter in America.

"Is there any place in Mexico that is like what Puerto Vallarta used to be?"

I keep hearing about Playa Azul. Turn off Highway 15 north of Morelia to Patzcuaro. Or north of there on the road to Uruapan. The last three or four hours are on road supposed to be graveled—but who knows? I do know people are get-

Strength for These Days

Love . . . is not provoked but rejoiceth with the truth.—(I Cor. 13:4-6)

If working conditions appear strained, a peaceful, soothing word from us may give others assurance. Regardless how irritated or unreasonable someone may appear, we must remember that love is not provoked. Instead of feeling hurt or angry we will bless them into the Father's care and keeping. Let's rejoice in His love.

Morning Report:

It just seems like yesterday when leaders or organized business and organized labor were dining regularly at the White House. Mr. Johnson had 'em eating out of his hand and his "consensus politics" was so broad that the GOP didn't know where its next vote was coming from.

Nowadays, Lyndon is getting it from both sides. The machinists refused his invitation to go back to work for struck airlines. And every steel company worth a private executive airplane raised prices.

I wonder how the President is going to justify the cost of those dinners as a good investment to his financial advisor. Also his hand must be pretty sore from being bitten so regularly of late.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Laureate's Latest Ode Shows He Earns Salary

Wandering muse: There was some controversy earlier this year when State Assemblyman Charles Garrigus (Dem-Reedley) was named Poet Laureate of California. "He wouldn't know an ode if it hit him right in the face," protested an official of a large poetry organization, while Garrigus was stoutly defended by Assemblyman Charles Chapel, who said "the quality of his work deserves the office and the salary—it's an unpaid office." We propose now to humble the critics of our Poet Laureate. This week, Garrigus lunched for the first time at Off Broadway, and was so carried away by the rhapsodic beauty of the topless waitresses that he grabbed a pencil and scribbled furiously. As follows: "If there are those of us who have some fears/it must be those who sell brassieres." He is indeed, as he himself has said, "a poet of the people." Garrigus, by the way, rhymes with asparagus.

Maestro Arthur (Pops) Fielder popped into Walter Hotzner's Allegro Music Store on Market to listen for the first time—to some Herb Alpert records. "Good! Great! Wonderful!" nodded Arthur, tapping his feet happily, and I think we may safely predict that some Tijuana Brass a la Symphonia will be added to his repertoire. . . . Artist Paul Olsen's latest abstract paintings—"Explosive Art," he calls it—embody an entirely new technique. He ap-

plies oils to large firecrackers, places the firecrackers on a canvas on the floor, and ignites them. An absolute mess, but meaningful. . . . I think I'll skip that new Sinatra movie, "Assault on a Queen." Who wants to see a film about some guys beating up a poor, old transvestite?

Just what we need—another organization. From

San Francisco

Budapest, Frank Bartholomew has mailed out invitations to a select group (kaff-kaff), bidding them join The Society of The Friends of Count Agoston Haraszthy, the doughty Hungarian who came to Sonoma, Calif., in the 1850s and planted the first California vineyard. By a not too remarkable coincidence, the Count's pioneer winery was the Buena Vista Vineyards, owned today by Frank Bartholomew. The Society will meet irregularly to eat, drink and toast the memory of good old Agoston, the father of California viticulture, the only kind of culture that gurgles. By the way, too bad about Agoston. After leaving here, he went to Nicaragua, where he fell into a stream and was eaten by an alligator. Or maybe it was a crocodile. What kind of wine goes well with a Hungarian? We'll never know.

Out of my mind: It's been bothering me for a long time, but I finally figured out who Premier Ky of So-

Viet Nam looks like: one of those Oriental bit players in W'War II movies who sneered at John Wayne: "Ah, Yankee dog, you are surprised I know your rangewide!" . . . How come, in the newspaper accounts of labor strife, it's always the unions who "demand" and the employers who "offer"? Isn't it ever the other way around? . . . In the Mission Dolores graveyard, a gravestone inscribed "James Sullivan, Died by the Hand of the V.C. May 31, 1856." Not the Viet Cong. The Vigilance Committee.

Bay City bongo: The Beatles, who perform outdoors at Candlestick Park Aug. 29, have been watching the S.F. weather reports with disbelieving eyes (night temperatures around 50). Ringo's forlorn comment: "You think maybe they use Centigrade out there?" Sterling Hayden will barge his newest acquisition, a private railway car, from Oakland to Sausalito, where he will convert it into a Think Tank; at the moment, he's thinking about finishing his first novel. . . . A local personality visiting New York was highly indignant when a native offered to trade him the Brooklyn Bridge for the Golden Gate Bridge, but simmered down at the native's "Well, since you swapped Cepeda for Sadecki, Mota and Alou for Gibbon, and Tittle for whatsisname, I thought you'd SNAP at a chance like this."

ROYCE BRIER

Our 1946 Viewpoint Keeps 330,000 Troops in Europe

Late in 1945, after the German armed power had been demolished, the shaky alliance between the Western allies and the Soviet Union was rapidly deteriorating. There was a clash of wills in Berlin, and perpetual Russian harassment of rail and highway corridors through East Germany.

The Russians were acting as if they were about to jump, and the West was scared. They had about 700,000 occupation troops in West Germany, and the Russians had 2 million in East Germany. On the face of it, the Russians could have marched to the Rhine.

At the time, 1945-48, the potential of the atomic bomb was not known, and the hydrogen bomb was a

year or two away. Nor had there been any substantial development of missiles for delivery, nor atomic artillery.

With western Europe still staggering from the devastation, the allies put together an armed coalition to cushion a Russian thrust westward.

The thrust never came, for complex world reasons not pertinent here. By the mid-1950s it was too late. Missiles were in hand, and a Russian thrust would have meant a nuclear exchange ruinous to the Soviet Union, as it would be ruinous to us. This balance of power has not notably changed in ten

years. If anything, Western power, wielded primarily by the United States, has slowly edged ahead of Eastern power. President de Gaulle was the first western statesman to perceive it, and it impelled his defection from NATO.

The simply reality is the Russians have not today a ghost of a chance of conquering the West, either by force or subversion, and they know it. But Western statesman still think in terms of 20 years ago, which is about par for all statesmen, and generals, who doggedly tend to solve crises by the methods proved in the last crisis.

Therefore the United States has about 330,000 soldiers in Europe, the British and French each about 75,000 in West Germany. This measly force still wouldn't stop massed Russian troops but it doesn't have to. All it has to be is a dead weight, because a nuclear flash, engineered from America and a few European bases, would stop the Russians cold.

Just recently Senator Mike Mansfield, Montana, one of the most sensible men in Washington, advocated a pullout of 75,000 troops from Western Europe. Many have been there for years, and it's a lush assignment. The British, in a money squeeze, also want to reduce, and the French are reducing. The West Germans don't like it, because it's money in the bank, and a "security" now redundant.

If anything, Mansfield's call was too modest, but not for the 1946 mentality prevailing in Washington. Starting with 1917, we have been in Europe—since President Johnson and Secretary McNamara were kids, so it must be right. Why acknowledge historical change? Why think that hard? Hence, Defense snuffed that there are "no existing plans." So you pay the bill—in money, in fatuity, in the futility of expecting a statesman to comprehend a world differing from the world of his youth.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Magazine Writer Tells Saga of Great Swindle

Eric Ambler, master of tales of international intrigue, for years has been an idol of the American magazine writer Murray Bloom. So Bloom was understandably stirred when we caught up with him the other day. He had received word from Ambler that Bloom's book, which Scribner's will publish Sept. 25, is one of the most satisfying accounts of true international intrigue Ambler had ever read.

The book is titled "The Man Who Stole Portugal," a meticulously researched account of an audacious crime which, in a subtle, Bloom labels "The Greatest Swindle of All Time." It happened in the mid-1920s; reached into high places in several European capitals; helped to found modern fortunes; toppled others; implicated the Lord Mayor of London as well as the most prominent actress in The Netherlands. The tale abounds with a variety of scoundrels so ingenious and mischievous that even an

Ambler might hesitate to create them in fiction.

Essentially this is an account of a young Portuguese businessman, Alves Reis, who in 1924 conceived and successfully carried out

Books

a dazzling scheme—a foolproof counterfeiting apparatus which almost destroyed Portugal and paved the way for the lengthy Salazar regime. Reis forged a document stating that a group of international financiers was to lend the Portuguese colony of Angola one million pounds sterling in exchange for the privilege of printing banknotes for that amount. Reis and company managed to acquire an unlimited number of banknotes printed from genuine plates by the official Bank of Portugal printer.

This was the beginning of events which rocked the European financial community of the time. Yet in the isolationist-minded United States of the 20s nobody

seemed to care about Portuguese financial intrigue, even on this scale. The New York Times, Bloom found, carried only a few brief accounts of it, although it was major news in London. The complete story never was written before Bloom tackled it, and in doing so reconstructed the end of an innocent, even preposterous era.

Did Bloom have difficulty running down facts in Lisbon? He has access to some 75 volumes of legal testimony. But the Portuguese tend to talk about the Alves Reis affair, if at all, "out of the sides of their mouths." The story fell into place during subsequent research in Paris, the Hague, London and Germany where love, revenge, and other high-riding passions lent the juice to this story of financial shenanigans. Scribner's feels "The Man Who Stole Portugal" is its best-seller candidate for the autumn season. And Bloom couldn't be happier that Eric Ambler likes it.



The Travelers Safety Service

The use of courtesy on the highways could drastically reduce the number of casualties.